

The Times-Dispatch
Business Office—Times-Dispatch Building
19 South Tenth Street.
South Richmond—1020 Hull Street
Petersburg Bureau—109 N. Sycamore Street
Lynchburg Bureau—215 Eighth Street
BY MAIL One Six Three One
POSTAGE PAID. Year. Mos. Mos. Mo.
Daily with Sunday.....\$6.00 \$3.00 1.50 .35
Daily without Sunday.....4.00 2.00 1.00 .25
Sunday edition only.....2.00 .30 .15 .15

By Times-Dispatch Carrier Delivery Service in Richmond (and suburbs) and Petersburg—
Daily with Sunday.....15 cents
Daily without Sunday.....10 cents
Sunday only.....5 cents
Entered January 27, 1903, at Richmond, Va., as second-class matter under act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

THURSDAY, MARCH 27, 1913.

THE BITTER LESSON OF THE FLOOD.

Will the men who have voted to squander millions on pensions and "pork barrel" appropriations for useless and extravagant local improvements, and refused to vote money for river protection, learn of the bitter lesson of the flood? Will the people who blindly clamored for new post-office buildings learn of their own folly? What good now do the millions of dollars spent in Ohio and Indiana on futile buildings avail the people whose lives have been lost, or those who wait stripped and bereft of friends and family, for the subsidence of the waters that might have been stored or guided safely through protected channels to the sea? Can human beings never learn save under the terrible lash of calamity?

The ironical value of vast catastrophes lies in their lessons for the future. The sinking of the Titanic, not yet a year ago, has made ocean travel safer for all time. It may be that nothing short of the present lesson would teach a blind generation to build dikes and reservoirs and safeguard life and property against the torrents that may each year assail the land. For years engineers have been like men crying in a desert their warnings of just such an inundation. It is not fate; it is not accident; it is not necessity that has fallen upon us. The trial was certain to come, and yet we spent money recklessly, or dribbled it out as a local favor, and nothing was done. Now, not \$100,000,000 will pay for the loss, and nothing in all the world console for the deaths of the past days.

Once in so many years the spring rains are going to cause floods like this. It merely depends on whether the river systems are simultaneously swollen. Every year certain regions are inundated. This year the waters met. Ruin is the harvest. In this one week we have paid enough to have made these rivers safe for all time. Unless we do make them safe, each year may bring its own devastation.

The rest of the country can send money and sympathy to help the present victims, but better than this the rest of the country can join with the stricken States and demand that their representatives at once take such steps as will forever protect our inland citizens from floods. This will be no better work than that of pitiful salvage. Upon the Congressmen and Senators and Governors of the Middle West rests the grave duty of providing against the future. The present disaster is but a hint of what can happen to the Mississippi Valley. If a general downpour along all the tributaries of the Father of Waters should occur, and the flood crests coincide, a hundred thousand lives might be lost and billions of money sacrificed.

What are we going to do? Shall local contractors and small politicians and city rings and State machines hold high carnival on the people's funds, and then wall like fools in the night of the people's terror? We have the money, we have the brains, we have the courage and vision to harness the streams for use and not destruction. Instead we have played like children with fire, wasted our patrimony on the selfish few, and in sackcloth and ashes we repent when nature exacts her stern tribute in the name of the national sin—graff!

PANAMA CANAL APOLOGISTS.

To a recent number of the Outlook Justice Seabury, of the Supreme Court of the State of New York, contributes "an apology" for the Panama Canal act, which the London Spectator decorously, but none the less mercilessly ridicules.

For the most part Justice Seabury re-marks the same old arguments of the other apologists, monotony being only relieved by variants in the matter of style and ingenuity in begging the question. It is therefore unnecessary to follow in detail his reasoning or the Spectator's replies to it. There is, however, one assertion of Justice Seabury's, which, together with our London contemporary's report, we cannot forbear directing special attention to and commenting upon in the interest of the truth of history. Justice Seabury affirms that "the adoption of the American canal policy is in accord with the best traditions of the United States." The Spectator's response to that is "no doubt" with the addition, "but what is much more in accord with the best traditions of the United States, is a policy of high-mindedness and integrity which the breath of suspicion can never tarnish." We indorse most heartily, unequivocally and unreservedly the addition.

But we dissent from and protest against the assenting words, "no doubt," of our contemporary, as misleading, and implying an American policy in regard to an inter-ocean canal, which is repugnant to facts and the record. As we have shown in previous discussion of this subject, the principle of neutralization—equality

for all nations—as embodied in the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, was laid down by Mr. Clay when Secretary of State, in the first American official deliberance touching a trans-isthmus commercial waterway.

The principle was reiterated and reiterated, moreover, several times prior to the conclusion of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty. Nor is that all. An American minister to Nicaragua, who negotiated an agreement with that Central American State, which violated the principle, was recalled and this agreement was denounced by this government.

The best traditions of American canal policy, as written into the record of official utterances and commitment, square absolutely with a policy of "high-mindedness and integrity which the breath of suspicion can never tarnish." That that nothing is clean in our history and thus are all the apologists for the Panama Canal act double confounded.

Thus do consistency and morals leave us no way out with honor; no escape from flagrantly and shamelessly repudiating the best traditions of the nation, save through repeal of the obnoxious and self-stultifying legislation. Not to take that way bespeaks a national conscience completely seared by greed.

ANNEXATION PROBLEMS.

Richmond must annex more territory. As far as The Times-Dispatch can discover, no one attempts to deny this necessity. Even those who would prefer to be outside the city admit the inevitable growth around them, and consequent consolidation. But certain objections have been raised, both by citizens and suburbanites, and it is not unwise to consider these divergent views.

One argument, not against annexation, but in favor of a provisional annexation, is that many small householders in the suburbs have bought homes in semi-rural communities for the sake of open country, fresh air, play space and freedom for their children, and in general to enjoy the pleasures of suburban country life. They hate to see the city encroaching upon their peace and quiet, and fear that the increased burden of taxes will interfere with their prosperity.

We can readily understand this point of view. We think the motive is sound and sensible. To have plenty of trees, a bit of garden, winding roads and a view of the sunset, are admirable things for a city of homes. There is no reason why the word city should suggest cramped rows of houses, on rectangular streets, and too close for privacy or good ventilation. It should not be the ideal of Richmond to grow so as to blot out this fine type of residential life, but to foster it and increase the number of those who enjoy it. We trust that no plan will ever be adopted that will make for a less spacious and comfortable home life among families of moderate means. Let us guarantee such pleasant districts the preservation as far as possible of their admirable characteristics. Even the taxes might in some way be adjusted to help householders. Richmond does not want brute size or cramped formality of design. It wants room and happiness for its people.

All the other objections centre around what the city has not done for itself, for the previously annexed territory, and may not do for further additions. These may be dismissed in a lump. No legitimate improvement for the city has ever been hindered because it has grown. No citizen can oppose annexation because it will keep the city from developing its present territory. It is developing all its area as fast as any sane man could expect. No city in the country is doing more. It will improve just as fast as the people want to pay for the improvements.

Petty complaints that the territory last annexed has not been completely remade in five years is unreasonable. There is not a single foot of ground or a single family now in Richmond that has not been helped by annexation. Without the city these people would not have the advantage they have been given within the city. If they have not been given everything, it is simply because to build takes time, and conditions here have not allowed immediate improvement.

That the suburbs have no doubt of the advantages is plain from their unanimous plan for annexation. They have faith in the city and its future and will inevitably reap great benefits by annexation. Growth is not instantaneous, complete and absolutely regular. But growth is inevitable and will in the end benefit both city and suburbs. This is the cardinal fact about annexation.

THE MAIL SWINDLERS' HARVEST.

Fifty-two million dollars approximately represents the sum taken from the pockets of the people last year by the swindlers who use the mails to defraud them. Such is the estimate of the postal authorities.

It is likely that the calculation is conservative. While many of the large fraud operators have been brought to justice, doubtless many of the smaller swindlers have gone scot-free. Consider even at that what the aggregate might have been if the net-rich-quick men were free from Federal surveillance and interference. Taking all factors into account, it is a matter for gratification that the pickings of the mail grafters should have been kept down to \$52,000,000. In 1911 the total was almost 60 per cent higher, amounting to over \$79,000,000. Last year the Post-Office Department investigated more than 4,000 cases bearing on fraudulent schemes, making 552 arrests and obtaining 263 convictions. Many other cases are still pending.

The most discouraging factor in the fraud crusade of the department, according to its declaration, is the leniency manifested by the courts toward this class of offenders. However that may be, the courts have in a great proportion of cases co-operated effectively with the department in destroying swindling schemes and in dis-

couraging others from entering upon this shady work.

SOUTHERN PROSPERITY NUMBER OF THE COURIER-JOURNAL.

Just to show there is no hard feeling, "Marse Henry" Watterson has gotten out a "Southern Prosperity Number" of the Louisville Courier-Journal that tells the wonderful story of Kentucky and the South in beautiful words and pictures. As a newspaper feat it is a triumph; as a proof of what we are doing in the new South it is convincing. The Times-Dispatch congratulates the old master of the craft, and the publishers and staff that can produce such an argument for prosperity. The papers of the South are doing yeoman service for their communities, and each rejoices in the success of every member of the profession. No journal is doing more than Louisville's historic sheet, and we are proud to labor in the same field and for the same splendid purposes as does what we may call in all sincerity, "our esteemed contemporary."

This issue of the Courier-Journal is just as fine as anything the whole country can produce. In size and appearance it is concrete evidence of the South's prosperity and ability. It consists of sixteen sections of twelve pages each, in all, 192 pages of eight columns. It weighs four pounds, and is thought to be the biggest paper ever published in the country as a regular issue on a business day. It is illustrated in half-tones and colors, and announces proudly that all the editorial and mechanical work was done by the regular staff of the paper. We mention these facts just to show what the South can do.

The Courier-Journal has noble traditions. From the old Journal it inherited the tradition of Prentice, and since it has established the tradition of Watterson. It is forty-five years old, and living proof of what the South has labored for since the war. Not idly does it breathe forth from these pages renewed faith in the South and her destiny. Its eloquent editor writes: "The South is leaving the 'low-vaunted past.' It is moving forward day by day to bigger and better things."

We are glad to learn of how splendid is the commercial and social prosperity of Louisville and Kentucky. They are part of our family. They are blood of our blood. What they rightly boast of is also being achieved by the sisters from Texas to Florida, from New Orleans to Richmond. The papers of the South are proud, with the humility of service, to share in all that has, and will, make the South glorious.

OUR CHANGING DRAMA.

Perhaps no clearer proof of the value of the drama as a means of education has ever been given than the presentation, under the auspices of a medical society, of Brienx's terrible play warning against the effects of inherited disease. Certainly no broader evidence of its influence would be needed than the nightly gathering of millions in moving picture theatres to see brief cross-sections of life enacted before their eyes. For those who recognize the tremendous potency of drama as an upholder and molder of morals and ideals, it is encouraging to note the trend of modern theatrical history.

In a nutshell, we are seeking better plays and fewer of them, and we are demanding a finer grade of acting and stage setting for those we accept. With this improvement in quality is an extension of the audience for good plays by the movement to reproduce the original production both in scenic effect and speech by the combined moving and speaking pictures.

A sign of the first movement is the offer by Winthrop Ames, once director of the New Theatre, in New York, and now proprietor and manager of the Little Theatre, of a prize of \$10,000 for the best drama submitted by September of this year. We do not believe in the hot-house and artificial culture of the drama, but this recognition of the value of good plays to the community and the stimulus that an assured offer will certainly give to our native playwrights cannot fail to make for finer dramatic work. The prize play may not be great, but the inspiration of such recognition will be reflected in all our theatrical life.

That the great producing managers are turning to the photoplay is indicated by the announcement that Klaw & Erlanger, with Charles Frohman, contemplate entering the business on a large scale, with a studio especially built for the use of selected companies. They will release two important films a week. "Peter Pan" will be among the first, and there are already thirty-nine prepared for picturing. These will be admirably staged and acted by artists of the first rank and produced in theatres throughout the country, heretofore devoted to regular drama.

The influence of great plays, old and new, presented to the millions of picture show goers must be broad and deep. The plays will be better; the actors will be those who survive strict tests, and the art of the theatre will be elevated by becoming once more of the people.

Fashions have no attraction for the President, except, perhaps, the new fashion in Presidents.

It was about time to get a new Weather Chief.

Great natural disasters make war an abhorrent and pitiful thing.

From Ashland to Petersburg would make a nice city.

The little buds and flowers must think this is a queer world they are coming into for spring.

The way to interest the voters in voting is to give them the right sort of men and measures to vote for.

This time of year everybody seems to have the hookworm. At any rate, the hook and worm.

Why cannot some of these Richmond Colts play big league ball for us?

On the Spur of the Moment
By Roy K. Moulton

Conversation.
When you hear a feller tellin' what he's goin' to do some day, and disclosin' what he has done in a braggin' sort of way, just make up your mind to one thing. It is always true, I vow, you kin bet your bottom dollar he aint doin' much right now.

When you hear a feller braggin' on his honesty and such, when he says if he'd been crooked he would certainly be rich, when he blows about the chances he has had to beat his pals, just make out that you believe him, but don't fail to cut the cards.

When you hear a feller spoutin' on the way he runs his house, when he says it is dead easy for to regulate his wife and kids, when he tells you that he's boss you make up your mind for cert it's his wife that wears the trousers, and it's him that wears the skirt.

When you hear a feller tellin' how to run the government, when he thinks it is his duty to correct the President, you kin listen quite respectful, but make up your mind offhand That he hasn't got the gumption for to run a peanut stand.

From the Hickeyville Clinion.
Mrs. Anson Frisby, the leader of our smart set, says the people of this man's town aint got no polish, but Mrs. Frisby is laboring under a misapprehension, as William Tibbitts, our popular groceryman, got in three dozen boxes last week.

When they pass the hat at the meetin' house the droppin' of the coin makes as much noise as a snow storm. Old Man Hicks has got a new job stoppin' up a rat hole in the floor of Tibbitts' grocery with his wooden leg. This job is only temporary, however, as Mr. Tibbitts is only waitin' till he sells a can of oysters, when he expects to stop up the hole with a piece of tin. Mr. Bud Hicks is no better at this writin'! He stole three cord of wood and a monkey wrench from Grandpa Bibbins this week.

The new trimmer at Miss Amy Pringle's millinery emporium expects to go on the stage soon and marry some steel magnate or other. She says there is more fun trimmin' millionaires than trimmin' hats. I see in the papers where a feller in Baraboo, Wis., dropped dead while sittin' on a train. By jink, the people in our vicinity dies of old age waitin' for a train to come along. No funerals lately. The financial stringency makes folks work as hard as they can to live, that they don't have time to die. Fold chairs for funerals, dances and other social functions for rent, inquire of Amos Butts; also livery, feed and sales stables.

William Tibbitts says he hates to pay his taxes, as a noted astrologer says the world is comin' to an end early this year, and he don't like to ineet with it. When Tibbitts shaves he cuts down expenses by latherin' himself with the end of his whiskers. Bud Hicks aint seen much of the world. He figured it up that he has spent fourteen years in jail and two years in a penitentiary, and he says he's tired of bein' shaved. Anse Higgins is so red-headed that William Tibbitts won't let him sit anywhere near the gasolene can in the grocery.

Miss Euphemia Mudge, our poetess of passion, has resigned her position as cook at the Hotel Hickeyville to accept a lucrative position as society editor of this paper if she can get it, which is rather skeptical at this writing. Uncle Ezra Harkins got his finger in the ink of the coat stove last week, and is making quite a success as an author. He says the path to literary fame is pretty mid-dlin' uncertain, but it is mighty pleasant when you reach the top. He hopes to have a Swamp Root recommendation in the near future.

William Tibbitts, our groceryman, has lined the inside of the coat stove with tar paper to keep the cold out. Uncle Ezra Harkins says the snow was knee deep last winter, and Hank Tibbitts says Uncle Ezra is a liar, and that the snow was only up to his knees.

William Tibbitts says he's tired of bein' shaved. Anse Higgins is so red-headed that William Tibbitts won't let him sit anywhere near the gasolene can in the grocery.

The Precedent Smasher

President Wilson has so far broken the following precedents:

"First—The downfall of the inaugural ball with its money changers turkey troe.

"Second—The favorite barber. President Wilson shaves himself.

"Third—The blow that killed fatherly. The antiquated custom of parading office-seekers at the White House. No ice-creamers are admitted until sent for.

"Fourth—The President is going to run the government. Politicians may make suggestions, but need not expect to see them carried out unless, perhaps, they coincide with the White House views.

"Fifth—The President goes to church to worship, not to be seen. Crowds may gather about the President's church door, but if he sees them first they will not see him.

"Sixth—The gold braid and lace business has been eliminated. Major Rhodes, military aide, inherited from President Wilson the idea of an ordinary citizen when he goes out with the President.

"Seventh—The khaki-colored motorcycle policemen who used to follow the White House automobile have been given other employment; the President rides without bicycle escorts.

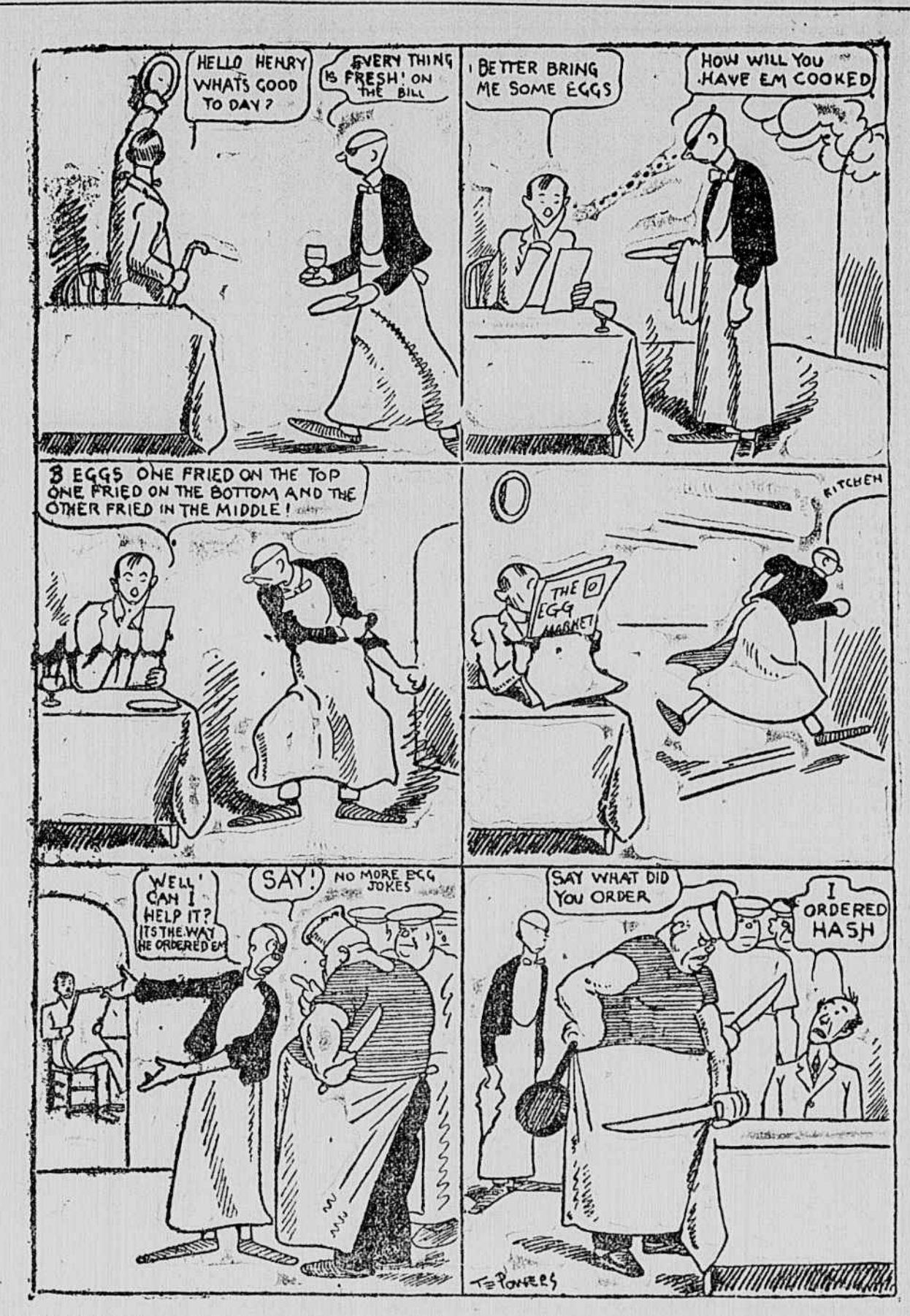
"Eighth—The ancient custom of draping the President's box at the theatre and playing the national anthem.

Abe Martin



A fifteen dollar suit is a fifteen dollar suit in spite of all efforts to the contrary. A party of Wilson reported to Constable New Plum today that it had suddenly come upon a feller wearin' a suit of fifteen dollars. The feller seemed bewildered, an' then he seemed to warm up an' started toward 'em, whereupon th' hunters withdrew in all haste.

THE LAST EGG JOKE
Copyright, 1913, International News Service.



When the President arrives has been put into the discard. "Ninth—The President has disappeared from the White House news and instead it appears the President said 'Tenth—That which is in a Cabinet meeting and cannot be made public is of the past, what transpires at a Cabinet meeting is public property.

"Eleventh—The bi-weekly Cabinet meetings are under the ban. The Cabinet will meet when there is something to be done.

"Twelfth—Promiscuous use of the 'executive order' has been stopped. Miss Salome Tarr, barred by the civil service regulations from the White House stenographer's corps, could have gone in by special appointment of the President, but the President refused to exercise the power in her behalf.

"Thirteenth—President Wilson rests the seventh day. He puts the bars of the White House up Saturday night at 12 o'clock and lets them stay up until Monday.

"Fourteenth—Cold suppers are to be the rule at the White House Sunday evening; the old Presbyterian rule will prevail.

"Fifteenth—The President declined an invitation to the Chevy Chase Club. Sixteenth—John Barleycorn and all other sorts of intoxicating drinks have been tabooed at the White House.

"Seventeenth—The President has kept tabs on the Country Business. The citizens and taxpayers of this country would do well to read the county expense statement in this issue, or still better, cut it out and keep it; we are spending lots more money than we used to, and only by keeping in touch with what is going on can you have an idea of the magnitude of our present county household affairs.—Lawrenceville Times.

"Eighteenth—The President has been seen in the streets of Manassas. Hyacinths blooming in January and their plants beginning to show signs of life are sights which may well cause the oldest inhabitants of Manassas to search deep into their memory before they can recall the last time they saw a hyacinth in bloom. About twenty-two or twenty-three years ago the winter was about as mild as this, but not since till now.—Manassas Journal.

"Nineteenth—The President has been seen in the streets of Manassas. Hyacinths blooming in January and their plants beginning to show signs of life are sights which may well cause the oldest inhabitants of Manassas to search deep into their memory before they can recall the last time they saw a hyacinth in bloom. About twenty-two or twenty-three years ago the winter was about as mild as this, but not since till now.—Manassas Journal.

"Twentieth—The President has been seen in the streets of Manassas. Hyacinths blooming in January and their plants beginning to show signs of life are sights which may well cause the oldest inhabitants of Manassas to search deep into their memory before they can recall the last time they saw a hyacinth in bloom. About twenty-two or twenty-three years ago the winter was about as mild as this, but not since till now.—Manassas Journal.

"Twenty-first—The President has been seen in the streets of Manassas. Hyacinths blooming in January and their plants beginning to show signs of life are sights which may well cause the oldest inhabitants of Manassas to search deep into their memory before they can recall the last time they saw a hyacinth in bloom. About twenty-two or twenty-three years ago the winter was about as mild as this, but not since till now.—Manassas Journal.

"Twenty-second—The President has been seen in the streets of Manassas. Hyacinths blooming in January and their plants beginning to show signs of life are sights which may well cause the oldest inhabitants of Manassas to search deep into their memory before they can recall the last time they saw a hyacinth in bloom. About twenty-two or twenty-three years ago the winter was about as mild as this, but not since till now.—Manassas Journal.

"Twenty-third—The President has been seen in the streets of Manassas. Hyacinths blooming in January and their plants beginning to show signs of life are sights which may well cause the oldest inhabitants of Manassas to search deep into their memory before they can recall the last time they saw a hyacinth in bloom. About twenty-two or twenty-three years ago the winter was about as mild as this, but not since till now.—Manassas Journal.

"Twenty-fourth—The President has been seen in the streets of Manassas. Hyacinths blooming in January and their plants beginning to show signs of life are sights which may well cause the oldest inhabitants of Manassas to search deep into their memory before they can recall the last time they saw a hyacinth in bloom. About twenty-two or twenty-three years ago the winter was about as mild as this, but not since till now.—Manassas Journal.

"Twenty-fifth—The President has been seen in the streets of Manassas. Hyacinths blooming in January and their plants beginning to show signs of life are sights which may well cause the oldest inhabitants of Manassas to search deep into their memory before they can recall the last time they saw a hyacinth in bloom. About twenty-two or twenty-three years ago the winter was about as mild as this, but not since till now.—Manassas Journal.

National State and City Bank Talks

Progressive and Beneficial
The National State and City Bank is a progressive and beneficial force in the development of the business interests of Richmond; because it accommodates its patrons in every legitimate way and places at their disposal every essential facility for handling both small and large accounts.

Checking accounts are invited and 3 per cent paid on savings.
1111 East Main Street
Richmond, Virginia

Telephone 8
MADISON 803
and ask
CHAMBER
OF
COMMERCE